1605/642.

THE

SMARTIAD,

A

SATIRE.

Occasioned by an

EPIC POEM,

INTITLED

The HILLIAD.

——— *I'll tickle you, my Dear.*

PROL. to GILL BLAS.

LONDON:

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THE ISLAND

A

TALE

OF

THE SOUTH SEAS

BRITISH COLUMBIA

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THE

SMARTIAD.

HAIL S-----T! Thou great Inſpirer of my Lay!
(If a dull Muſe can prompt me what to ſay)
Liſt with attentive Ear, whilſt I impart,
Not Ecſtaſy of Joy, but Grief of Heart.
How ſhall I praiſe, or make thy Virtues known?
The Taſk is arduous, and the Taſk's unknown:
No more----The nauſeous Tale offends my Ear,
Alarms each Senſe, and draws a tender Tear.
Hadſt thou what Worth could aſk, or Praiſe beſtow,
What the Good practiſe, and the Sages know,

Or

Or didſt thou bravely riſe in Virtue's Cauſe,
And from thy Life tranſcribe unerring Laws,
No Satire then----My Pen ſhould join to raiſe
A Tribute, not inferior to thy Praiſe.
Poet, beware!----Who blaſts the juſt Man's Fame
Is baſe,---- the Mark of univerſal Blame.
Firſt, Know Thyſelf----*the Maxim is divine:*
Conceal Our Faults, and ſecret ſhall be Thine.
Say, from what Cauſe thy dire Invective ſprings,
Thou great Omnipotent of little Things!
What mov'd this Ire?----Nay, pr'ythee, don't deceive;
For moſt agree there was Provocative:
He ſtyl'd thee Man of Parts, of Wit and Senſe,
But for the Error made a Recompence.
Inſcribe thy Neighbour's Follies on a Block!
And claim Precedence with a *Burdig. Soc.!*
'Tis true, indeed, — Divinity takes Place;
But that's quite foreign to the preſent Caſe.
Mean are all Poets, and as poor as mean:
Take thou the Peſtle then,----lay down the Pen,
Turn Pimp, turn Player, Botaniſt, inſtead
Of ——— and *Romeo'll give thee Bread*;
Exert no more thy Genius for the Preſs,
But ſtrive like HILL to ſhine in F. R. S.

PRUSSIAN MUSEUM 30 66 JAN

Like

Like Him ſubſcribe M. D. like Him compoſe,
Curſe all the Muſes, and appear in Proſe.
For oh! the *Hilliad* does but raiſe my Scorn:
Alas, Great S—T!—*indeed a Mouſe is born:*
In that bright Work, tranſcendent Bard! I ſee,
All, all is nothing elſe but very Thee:
Tho' HILL by thee depriv'd of ev'ry Grace,
Thy beſt Appearance vilifies his Place.
Who can thy Works, unecſtaſy'd, peruſe?
Mankind must see—in ſpite of all thy Muſe.
But ſoft awhile— What Language can I frame
That knows not how to give its Wrongs a Name?
Peace, S—T! thou very Breath of wav'ring Mob!
Thus the deſerving Man of Fame to rob!
Unhappy! thrice unhappy! him I call,
Whoſe Name, alas! becomes thy Tennis-Ball!
Unknown, ye Guardian Pow'rs! preſerve my Name:
I will not now beſtride the Wings of Fame,
Leſt S—TS, injurious, ſeize me as I fly,
Prey on my Vitals, I drop down, and die.
Of all Degrees, the middle State's the beſt,
Too low for Hate, too high to be depreſt.
Who climbs aſpiring, always hardeſt lights;
The dang'rous Fall attends the higheſt Flights:
Want, and a Train of Evils, Pain and Shame,
Sternly uſurp the tedious Road to Fame:

Foes follow Foes; with open Might they run,
Moſt, to undo; but few, to be undone.
He's here, He's here, they cry; purſue the Game,
Whate'er ye do, be ſure to blaſt his Fame.
How hard's the Fortune of the Juſt and Wiſe!
Their Fall precedes too oft' the Coxcomb's Riſe.
The Juſt alone attend to Honour's Call;
'Tis beſt to ſit (Men ſay) than riſe to fall.
The laurell'd Wreath's a Crown of deadly Weight,
If Laurels bring forth bitter, for the ſweet.
If, to repay the Hero, Men combine
To lay him proſtrate with the Laurel's Twine,
The meaneſt Subaltern (by all confeſs'd)
Is far more happy, and is far more bleſs'd.
If Wealth, or Reputation, does create
Envy's keen Sting,—'tis fatal to be Great.
Envy attacks the Honeſt, Wiſe, and Brave,
And ſcorns ſuperior Excellence to ſave.
So, when the *Britiſh* Flag, in bright Array,
Our *Britiſh* Heroes to the Sun diſplay,
On the ſame Flag are painted Lilies ſhown,
And on the ſame dread Lions ſeem to frown.
Tempeſts alone the lofty Cedars rend,
And on the Ground their ſtately Trunks extend.
Oft'times the proud-erected Buildings fall,
The ſtately Palace, and the ſumptuous Hall;

Whilſt

Whilſt humble Sheds and lowly Cots are free,
And creeping Shrubs feel no Calamity.
The Thunder rolls on Giant Hills, that riſe
In Air, and ſeem with uplift Brows to reach the Skies,
But o'er the Hillocks whiſpers as it flies.
Guard me, ye Pow'rs! from all the Cares of State,
That vain and idle Pomp of being Great!
Oh S—T! deny me Praiſe, but Goodneſs grant:
Superior to a Monarch is a Saint.
Write on, unenvy'd Bard! ~~and~~ ſtruggle to riſe
And lift thy ſpreading Honours to the Skies.
A while, indeed, the gaudy Influence ſtreams,
A while the ſhort-liv'd bright Effulgence gleams:
But ſoon ſhall all this tranſient Blaze retire,
Thou ſink in Gloom, and dreadfully expire;
Rhyme out the Pains which Nature can't endure,
And from ſalubrious Nonſenſe ſeek thy Cure.
Obſerve thy Sentence, and attentive hear;
The Doom, perhaps, is not the Doom you fear:
No pompous Marble ſhall preſerve thy Name,
No flatt'ring Stone ſhall tell imagin'd Fame;
But Death, victorious, ſhall in Triumph ride,
Trampling the poor Remains of Envy, Scorn, and Pride.

FINIS.

☞ I hope Mr. Hill, or whoever is the Author, will pardon my pro
in endeavouring to fill up four lame Lines that halted so wide
the Reading my Pity yielded the Cripples crutches to move on smoo